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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

STRAWBERRIES.

If our article on this subject should be worth little (especially as we are obliged to be brief, and cannot bring to our assistance much quotation or other helps) we beg leave to say, that we mean to do little more in it than congratulate the reader on the strawberry-season, and imply those pleasant interchanges of conventional sympathy, which give rise to the common expressions about the weather or the state of the harvest,—things which everybody knows what everybody else will say about them, and yet upon which everybody speaks. Such a charm has sympathy, even in its commonest aspect.

A.—A fine day to-day.

B.—Very fine day.

A.—But I think we shall have rain.

B.—I think we shall.

And so the two speakers part, all the better pleased with one another merely for having uttered a few words, and those words such as either of them could have reckoned upon before-hand, and has interchanged a thousand times. And justly are they pleased. They are fellow-creatures living in the same world, and all its phases are of importance to them, and themselves to one another. The meaning of the words is—"I feel as you do"—or "I am interested in the same subject, and it is a pleasure to me to let you see it." What a pity that mankind do not vent the same feelings of good-will and a mutual understanding on fifty other subjects! And many do;—but all might;—and as Bentham says, "with how little trouble!"

There is *Strawberry weather*, for instance, which is as good a point of the weather to talk about, as rain or sun. If the phrase seems a little forced, it is perhaps not so much as it seems; for the weather, and fruit, and colour, and the birds, &c. &c., all hang together; and for our parts, we would fain think, and can easily believe, that without this special degree of heat (while we are writing) or mixture of heat and fresh air, the strawberries would not have their special degree of colour and fragrance. The world answers to the spirit that plays upon it, as musical instruments to musician; and if cloud, sunshine, and breeze (the fine playing of nature) did not descend upon earth precisely as they do at this moment, there is good reason to conclude, that neither fruit, nor anything else, would be precisely what it is. The cuckoo would want tone, and the strawberries relish.

Do you not like, reader, the *pottle* of strawberries? And is it not manifest, from old habit and association, that no other sort of basket would do as well for their first arrival? It "carries" well: it lies on your arm like a length of freshness; then there is the slight paper covering, the slighter rush tie, the inner covering of leaves; and when all these give place, fresh, and fragrant, and red lie the berries,—the best, it is to be feared, at the top. Now and then comes a half-mashed one, sweet in its over-ripeness; and when the fingers cannot conveniently descend further, the rest, urged by a beat on the flat end, are poured out on a plate; and perhaps agreeably surprise us with the amount.

Meantime the fingers and nails have got coloured as with wine.

What matter of fact is this! And how everybody knows it! And yet, for that very reason, it is welcome; like the antiquities about the weather. So abundant is Nature in supplying us with entertainment, even by means of simply stating that anything is what it is! Paint a strawberry in oil, and provided the representation be true, how willing is everybody to like it! And observe, even in a smaller matter, how Nature heaps our resources one upon another,—first giving us the thing, then the representation of it, or power of painting it, (for art is nature also), then the power of writing about it, the power of thinking, the power of giving, of receiving, and fifty others. Nobles put the leaves in their coronets. Poets make them grow for ever, where they are no longer to be found. We never pass by Ely-place, in Holborn, without seeing the street there converted into a garden, and the pavement to rows of strawberries.

"My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them!"

quoth Richard the Third to the Bishop, in that scene of frightful calmness and smooth-speaking, which precedes his burst of thunder against Hastings. Richard is gone with his bad passions, and the garden is gone; but the tyrant is converted into poetry, and the strawberries also; and here we have them both, equally harmless.

Sir John Suckling, in his richly-coloured portrait of a beautiful girl in the tragedy of *Brennoralt*, has made their dying leaves precious:—

"Eyes full and quick,
With breath as sweet as double violets,
And wholesome as dying leaves of strawberries."

Strawberries deserve all the good things that can be said of them. They are beautiful to look at, delicious to eat, have a fine odour, and are so wholesome, that they are said to agree with the weakest digestions, and to be excellent against gout, fever, and all sorts of ailments. It is recorded of Fontenelle (as was mentioned some weeks ago in the *LONDON JOURNAL*), that he attributed his longevity to them, in consequence of their having regularly cooled a fever which he had every spring; and that he used to say, "If I can but reach the season of strawberries." Boerhave (Mr Phillips tells us in his 'History of Fruits,') looked upon their continued use as one of the principal remedies in cases of obstruction and viscosity, and in putrid disorders: Hoffman furnished instances of obstinate disorders cured by them, even consumptions; and Linnæus says that by eating plentifully of them, he kept himself free from the gout. They are good even for the teeth.

A fruit so very useful and delightful deserves a better name; though the old one is now so identified with its beauty, that it would be a pity to get rid of it. Nobody thinks of *straw*, when uttering the word strawberry, but only of colour, fragrance, and sweetness. The Italian name is *Fragola*,—fragrant. The English one originated in the custom of putting straw between the fruit and the ground, to keep it dry and clean; or perhaps, as Mr Phillips thinks, from a still older practice among children, of threading the wild berries upon straws of grass. He says, that this is still a custom in parts of England where they abound, and that so many "straws of berries" are sold for a penny.

One of the most luxurious of simple dishes is *strawberries and cream*. The very sound of the word seems to set one's page floating like a bowl. But there is an Italian poet, who has written a whole poem upon strawberries, and who, with all his love of them, will not hear of them without sugar. He invokes them before him in all their beauty, which he acknowledges with enthusiasm, and then tells them, like some capricious sultan, that he does not chuse to see their faces. They must hide them, he says;—put on their veils,—to wit, of sugar. "Strawberries and sugar" are to him what "sack and sugar" was to Falstaff, the indispensable companions, the sovereign remedy for all evil—the climax of good. He finds fault with Moliere's 'Imaginary Sick Man' for not hating them; since, if he had eaten them, they would have cured his hypochondria. As to himself, he talks of them as Fontenelle would have talked, had he written Italian verse:—

"Io per me d'esse, a boccon ricche e doppi
Spesso rigonfio, e rinconforto il seno;
E brontolando per dispetto scoppi
Quel vecchio d'Ippocrasso e di Galeno,
Che i giulebbi, l'essenzie, ed i sciloppi
Abborro, come l'ostico veleno;
E di Fragole un' avida satolla
Mi purga il sangue, e avviva ogni midolla.

For my part, I confess I fairly will
And stuff myself with strawberries: and abuse
The doctors all the while, draught, powder, and
pill,

And wonder how any sane head can chuse
To have their nauseous jalaps, and their bill,
All which, like so much poison, I refuse.
Give me a glut of strawberries; and lo!
Sweet through my blood, and very bones, they go.

Almost all the writers of Italy who have been worth anything, have been writers of verse at one time or another.—Prose-writers, historians, philosophers, doctors of law and medicine, clergymen,—all have contributed their quota to the sweet art. The poet of the strawberries was a Jesuit, a very honest man too, notwithstanding the odium upon his order's name, and a grave, eloquent, and truly christian theologian, of a life recorded as "evangelical." It is delightful to see what playfulness such a man thought not inconsistent with the most sacred aspirations. The strawberry to him had its merits in the creation, as well as the star; and he knew how to give each its due. Nay, he runs the joke down, like a humourist who could do nothing else but joke if he pleased, but gracefully withal, and with a sense of Nature above his Art, like a true lover of poetry. His poem is in two cantos, and contains upwards of nine hundred lines, ending in the following bridal climax, which the good Jesuit seems to have considered the highest one possible, and the very cream even of strawberries and sugar. He has been apostrophising two young friends of his, newly married, of the celebrated Venetian families Mocenigo and Loredano, and this is the blessing with which he concludes, pleasantly smiling at the end of his gravity:—

"A guesta coppia la serena pace
Eternamente intorno scherzi e voli:
E la ridente sanità vivace
La sua vita honghissima consoli;
E la felicità, pura e verace,
Non dal suo fianco un solo di s' involi;
E a dire che ogni cosa lieta vada,
Su le Fragole il zucchero le cada.

Around this loving pair may joy serene
On wings of balm for ever wind and play;
And laughing health her roses shake between,
Making their life one long, sweet, flowery way;
May bliss, true bliss, pure, self-possessed of mien,
Be absent from their side, no, not a day;
In short, to sum up all that earth can prize,
May they have sugar to their strawberries.

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

MILTON.

MILTON is always interesting; but the new edition of his works by Sir Egerton Brydges gives a new gloss to him at the moment, like a shower of rain upon a laurel-tree; and, as Sir Egerton, in the Life which constitutes his first volume, has dealt rather in a certain fondness of criticism (with which, and his antiquarian reminiscences, we strongly sympathise) than in the usual routine of biography, we here extract Mr Todd's account of the person and manners of the great poet.

We think there can be little doubt, that Milton, however estimable and noble at heart, was far from perfect in his notions of household government, and exacted somewhat too much submission to be loved as he wished. His wife (a singular proceeding in the bride of a young poet) absented herself from him in less than a month after their marriage, that is to say, during the very honeymoon; and stayed away the whole summer with her relations: he made his daughters read to him in languages which they did not understand; and in one part of his works he piques himself, like Johnson, on being a good hater. Now "good haters," as they call themselves, are sometimes very good men, and hate out of zeal for something they love; neither would we undervalue the services which such haters may have done mankind. They may have been necessary; though a true christian philosophy proposes to supersede them, and certainly does not recommend. But as all men have their faults, so these men are not apt to have the faults that are least disagreeable, even to one another; for it is observable that good haters are far from loving their brethren, the good haters on the other side; and their tempers are apt to be infirm and overbearing. In the most authentic portraits of Milton, venerate them as we must, we cannot but discern a certain uneasy austerity,—we fear, even a peevishness,—a blight of something not sound in opinion and feeling.

"Milton, in his youth, is said to have been extremely handsome. He was called the Lady of his College; an appellation which Mr Hayley says he could not relish: and I may add, that he might be less inclined to be pleased with the title, as, at that period, the appearance of effeminacy was attacked from the pulpit. 'We live in an age,' says Bishop Lake, 'wherein it is hard to say, whether in clothes men grow more womanish, or women more mannish!' Milton had a very fine skin and fresh complexion. His hair was of a light brown; and, parted on the forehead, hung down in curls upon his shoulders. His features were regular; and when turned of forty, he has himself told us, he was generally allowed to have had the appearance of being ten years younger. He has also represented himself as a man of moderate stature, neither too lean nor too corpulent; and so far endued with strength and spirit, that as he always wore a sword, he wanted not, while light revisited his eyes, the skill or the courage to use it. His eyes were of a greyish colour; which, when deprived of sight, did not betray their loss. At first view, and at a small distance, it was difficult to know that he was blind. The testimony of Aubrey respecting the person of Milton is happily expressed:—'His harmonically and ingeniously soul did lodge in a beautiful and well-proportioned body.' Milton's voice was musically sweet, as his ear was musically correct. Wood describes his deportment to have been affable, and his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness. Of his figure in his declining days, Richardson has left the following sketches:—'An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire. Dr Wright, found John Milton, in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk-stones. He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality.'

"His domestic habits were those of a sober and temperate student. Of wine, or any strong liquors, he drank little. In his diet he was rarely influenced by delicacy of choice. He once delighted in walking and using exercise, and appears to have amused himself in botanical pursuits; but after he was confined by age and blindness, he had a machine to swing in for the preservation of his health. In summer he then rested in bed from nine to four, in winter to five. If, at these hours, he was not disposed to rise, he had a person by his bedside to read to him. When he first rose, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and commonly studied till twelve; then used some exercise for an hour; then dined; afterwards played on the organ or bass-viol, and either sung himself or made his wife sing, who, he said, had a good voice but no ear. It is related, that, when educating his nephews, he made them songsters, and sing from the time they were with him. No poet, it may be observed, has more frequently or more powerfully commended the charms of music than Milton. He wished, perhaps, to rival, and he has successfully rivalled, the sweetest descriptions of a favourite bard, whom the melting voice appears to have often enchanted,—the tender Petrarch. After his regular indulgence in musical relaxation, he studied till six; then entertained his visitors till eight; then enjoyed a light supper; and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, retired to bed.

"It has been observed by Dr Newton, that all who had written any accounts of the life of Milton, agreed that he was affable and instructive in conversation, of an equal and cheerful temper; 'yet I can easily believe,' says the learned biographer, 'that he had a sufficient sense of his own merits, and contempt enough for his adversaries.' Milton acknowledges his own honest haughtiness and self-esteem: with which, however, he professes to have united a becoming 'modesty.' Aubrey notices that he was 'satirical.'

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XIX.—HENRY V.

HENRY V is a favourite monarch with the English nation, and he appears to have been also a favourite with Shakspeare, who labours hard to apologise for the actions of the king, by showing us the character of the man, as "the king of good fellows." He scarcely deserves this honour. He was fond of war and low company:—we know little else of him. He was careless, dissolute, and ambitious;—idle, or doing mischief. In private, he seemed to have no idea of the common decencies of life, which he subjected to a kind of regal licence; in public affairs, he seemed to have no idea of any rule of right or wrong, but brute force, glossed over with a little religious hypocrisy and archiepiscopal advice. His principles did not change with his situation and professions. His adventure on Gadshill was a prelude to the affair of Agincourt, only a bloodless one; Falstaff was a puny prompter of violence and outrage, compared with the pious and politic Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the king *carte blanche*, in a genealogical tree of his family, to rob and murder in circles of latitude and longitude abroad—to save the possessions of the church at home. This appears in the speeches in Shakspeare, where the hidden motives that actuate princes and their advisers in war and policy are better laid open than in speeches from the throne or woolsack. Henry, because he did not know how to govern his own kingdom, determined to make war upon his neighbours. Because his own title to the crown was doubtful, he laid claim to that of France. Because he did not know how to exercise the enormous power, which had just dropped into his hands, to any one good purpose, he immediately undertook (a cheap and obvious resource of sovereignty) to do all the mischief he could. Even if absolute monarchs had the wit to find out objects of laudable ambition, they could only "plume up their wits" in adhering to the more sacred formula of the royal prerogative, "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," because will is only then triumphant when it is opposed to the will of others, because the pride of power is only then shown, not when it consults the rights and interests of others, but when it insults and tramples on all justice and all humanity. Henry declares his resolution "when France is his, to bend it to his awe, or break it all to pieces"—a resolution worthy of a conqueror, to destroy all that he cannot enslave; and what adds to the joke, he lays all the blame of the consequences of his ambition on those who will not submit tamely to his tyranny. Such is the history of kingly power, from the beginning to the end of the world;—with this difference, that the object of war formerly, when the people adhered to their allegiance, was to depose kings; the object latterly, since the people swerved from their allegiance, has been to restore kings, and to make common cause against mankind. The object of our late invasion and conquest of France was to restore the legitimate monarch, the descendant of Hugh Capet, to the throne: Henry V in his time made

war on and deposed the descendant of this very Hugh Capet, on the plea that he was a usurper and illegitimate. What would the great modern catspaw of legitimacy and restorer of divine right have said to the claim of Henry and the title of the descendants of Hugh Capet? Henry V, it is true, was a hero, a king of England, and the conqueror of the king of France. Yet we feel little love or admiration for him. He was a hero, that is, he was ready to sacrifice his own life for the pleasure of destroying thousands of other lives: he was a king of England, but not a constitutional one, and we only like kings according to law; lastly, he was a conqueror of the French king, and for this we dislike him less than if he had conquered the French people. How then do we like him? We like him in the play. There he is a very amiable monster, a very splendid pageant. As we like to gaze at a panther or a young lion in their cages in the Tower, and catch a pleasing horror from their glistening eyes, their velvet paws, and dreadful roar, so we take a very romantic, heroic, patriotic, and poetical delight in the boasts and feats of our younger Harry, as they appear on the stage and are confined to lines of ten syllables; where no blood follows the stroke that wounds our ears, where no harvest beads beneath horses' hoofs, no city flames, no little child is butchered, no dead men's bodies are found piled on heaps and festering the next morning—in the orchestra!

So much for the politics of the play; now for the poetry. Perhaps one of the most striking images in all Shakspeare is that given of war in the first lines of the Prologue.

"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment."

Rubens, if he had painted it, would not have improved upon this simile.

The conversation between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely relating to the sudden change in the manners of Henry V, is among the well-known Beauties of Shakspeare. It is indeed admirable both for strength and grace. It has sometimes occurred to us that Shakspeare, in describing "the reformation" of the Prince, might have had an eye to himself—

"Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity."

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which no doubt
Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty."

This is at least as probable an account of the progress of the poet's mind as we have met with in any of the 'Essays on the Learning of Shakspeare.'

Nothing can be better managed than the caution which the king gives the meddling Archbishop, not to advise himself rashly to engage in the war with France, his scrupulous dread of the consequences of that advice, and his eager desire to hear and follow it.

"And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not native colours with the truth.
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn your person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the
swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjunction, speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism."

Another characteristic instance of the blindness of human nature to everything but its own interests is the complaint made by the king of "the ill neighbourhood" of the Scot in attacking England when she was attacking France.

"For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs."

It is worth observing that in all these plays, which give an admirable picture of the spirit of the good old times, the moral inference does not at all depend upon the nature of the actions, but on the dignity or meanness of the persons committing them. "The eagle England" has a right "to be in prey," but "the weasel Scot" has none "to come sneaking to her nest," which she has left to pounce upon others. Might was right, without equivocation or disguise, in that heroic and chivalrous age. The substitution of right for might, even in theory, is among the refinement and abuses of modern philosophy. To be concluded next week.

FINE ARTS.

Wanderings through North Wales. By Thomas Roscoe, with Engravings by W. Radclyffe after Cox, Creswick, and Cattermole. Part III. Tilt. Simpkin and Marshall.

AN amusing number. The illustrations are, we think, an improvement on the former numbers. Though still rather hard, they are broader in the effect. 'Bolingbroke's false homage to Richard II' is one of Cattermole's best designs; the attitudes, it is true, bear too obvious an appearance of study, and Richard is not young enough, nor is the levity of his character sufficiently marked; but there is his weakness; and Bolingbroke's mixed deference and indifference tell the story well. The lovely 'Flower of Dolbadern' is very pleasingly shadowed forth by Creswick; 'Cader Idris, from Kinsmer Abbey,' by Cox, is a rare union of majesty and beauty; mountains never look so beautiful as when they are seen over trees.

Gallery of Portraits. Part XXXVII. Charles Knight.

CONTAINS three very different but familiar names, beginning with a head of the energetic and acute Herschell, with a fine, successful, happy look about his face, and an habitual contractedness between the brows. Next is the melancholy and sensitive countenance of the good Romilly; Lawrence seldom put so much sentiment in his pictures as he has in this. Lastly, there is the head of all heads, the inexhaustible head of Shakspeare. The engraving is from the Chandos head. We must own we, however, we prefer the monument, which bears the most probable show of authenticity.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., with Imaginative Designs by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Vol. I. Macrone.

A VERY handsome volume. We cannot, however, say much for the illustrations. The head of Milton is a very poor version of the fine portrait with which we are all familiar; and the design in the title-page is in Turner's worst manner. There is a certain shining splendour in it, but neither imagination nor common sense; the worlds look like so many balloons, or like a luminous orrery at the theatre; and the "heavenly host" is a very human concourse of rickety individuals—it is like a "chorus of knights" at the Opera House.

Ancient Picture.—We saw a picture, the other day, at Messrs Paul and Bartleys', Bucklersbury, which lies at their house, for sale. Lionardo da Vinci is claimed as the artist; but, we should think, unadvisedly. One of the heads, Joseph of Arimathea, is certainly in his manner; but the very imperfect drawing of parts, and the deficiency of an effective *chiaro scuro*, of which he was the father, render us very doubtful of his having had any share in it. Nor will the elaborate colour and finish allow us to suppose it a young work. In Da Vinci's paintings, too, there is an unceasing action in all the figures, almost amounting to restlessness, which we do not perceive in this. For these reasons, in spite of the monogram, we cannot but doubt that the painter of it is as yet to be identified. Indeed monograms are so obscure and arbitrary, that it requires much additional evidence to establish a picture; they did not always even consist of the initials of the artist's name, and, if they did, Lionardo is not the only painter with L. D. V. to his initials. There was a Spanish painter, for instance, Luis de Vargas, who flourished

about the same time; or rather later. And is the picture decidedly Italian? The colouring of the whole figure of the Virgin, the white drapery on her head, and the drapery about the middle of the body, in harsh, small folds, are very like what we have seen in Spanish pictures.

Be it Italian, Spanish, or of any other country, it is a fine picture, and old, and, we doubt not, really valuable. The gilt background is not necessarily the addition of some repairer, as a cotemporary has imagined; but was in use among early painters; if we mistake not, even Titian has used it. The finish, as we have observed, is most elaborate and minute, and yet the effect is broad and solid, and the colour bold and powerful.

CHARACTERISTIC SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

NO. III.—CHAUCER (CONTINUED.)

HIS PATHOS.

CHAUCER's pathos is true nature's: it goes directly to its object. His sympathy is not fashioned and clipped by modes and respects; and herein, indeed, he was lucky in the comparatively homely breeding of his age, and in the dearth of books. His feelings were not rendered critical and timid. Observe the second line, for instance, of the following verses. The glossaries tell us that the word "*swell*" means *fainted—died*. There may be a Saxon word with such a meaning,—but luckily for nature and Chaucer, there is another Saxon word, *swell*, of which *swell'd* is the past tense, and most assuredly this is the word here; as the reader will feel instantly. No man, however much in love, faints "full oft a day;" but he may swell, as the poet says,—that is to say, heave his bosom and body with the venting of his long-suspended breath, and say, Alas! The fainting is unnatural; the sigh and the heaving is most natural, and most admirably expressed by this homely word. We have, therefore, spelt it accordingly, to suit the rest of the orthography.

THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

(From the *Knight's Tale*.)

When that Arcite to Thebes comen was,
Full oft a day he *swell'd*, and said, Alas!
For see his lady shall be never mo. (1)
And shortly to concluden all his woe,
So muckle sorrow had never creature!
That is, or shall be, while the world may dure.
His sleep, his meat, his drink is him beraft,
That lean he wax'd, and dry as is a shaft,—
His eyen hollow, and grisly to behold,
His hue sallow, and pale as ashes cold;
And solitary he was, and ever alone;
And wailing all the night, making his moan;
And if he heard song or instrument,
Then would he weep; he might not be stent.

that is, could not be stopped; the wilful, washing, self-pitying tears would flow. This touch about the music is exquisite.

Dryden, writing for the court of Charles the Second, does not dare to let Arcite weep, when he hears music. He restricts him to a gentlemanly sigh—

He sighs when songs or instruments he hears.

The cold ashes, which have lost their fire (we have the phrase still, "as pale as ashes") he turns to "sapless boxen leaves" (a classical simile); and far be it from him to venture to say "*swell*." No gentleman ever "*swell'd*;" certainly not with sighing, whatever he might have done with drinking. But instead of that, the modern poet does not mind indulging him with a good canting common-place, in the style of the fustian tragedies.

He raved with all the madness of despair:
He raved, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.

And then we must have a solid, sensible reason for the lover's not weeping:

Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For wanting nourishment, he wanted tears!

It was not sufficient, that upon the principle of extremes meeting, the excess of sorrow was unable to

(1) *More*. "Mo" is still to be found in the old version of the *Psalm*.

weep,—that even self-pity seemed wasted. When the fine gentlemen of the court of Charles the Second, and when Charles himself, wept, (see Pepys) it was when they grew maudlin over their wine, and thought how piteous it was that such good eaters and drinkers should not have everything else to their liking. But let us not run the risk of forgetting the merits of Dryden, in comparing him with a poet so much the greater.

THE SAME LOVER DYING.

Alas the woe! alas the pains strong
That I for you have suffer'd, and so long!
Alas the death! alas mine Emily!
Alas, departing of our company!
Alas mine heart's queen! Alas my wife!

Alas, it is to be observed, was the common expression of grief in those days; and all these repetitions of it only shew the loud, wilful, self-commiseration natural to dying people of a violent turn of mind, as this lover was. But he was also truly in love, and a gentleman. See how he continues:

Mine heart's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world? What asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his cold grave:
Alone,—withouten any company.

How admirably expressed the difference between warm social life, and the cold solitary grave! How piteous the tautology—"Alone—withouten any company!"

Farewell, my sweet;—farewell, mine Emily
And soft—take me in your arms tway
For love of God, and hearken what I say.

He has had an unjust quarrel with his rival and once beloved friend, Palamon:—

I have here, with my cousin Palamon,
Had strife and rancour many a day ago,
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
And Jupiter so wis my soule gie, (1)
To speken of a servant (2) properly
With allé circumstances truly
That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthood,
Wisdom, humbléss, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom, and all that longeth to that art, (3)
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.

SIMILE OF A MAN LED TO EXECUTION.

(From the 'Man of Law's Tale'.)

The virtuous Constance, wrongfully accused, stands pale, and looking about her, among a king's courtiers.

Have ye not see, sometime, a pale face
(Among a press) (4) of him that hath been led
Toward his death, where as he getteth no grace,
And such a colour in his face hath had,
They mighten know him that was so bested
Amongest all the faces in that rout;
So stant Custance, and looketh her about.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD PUT TO THE MERCY OF THE OCEAN.

The same Constance, accused by the king's mother of having produced him a monstrous child, is treated as above, against the will of the Constable of the realm, who is forced to obey his master's orders.

Weepen both young and old in all that place,
When that the king this cursed letter sent,
And Custance, with a deadly pale face,
The fourth day, toward the ship she went;
But natheless she tak'th in good intent
The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strond
She said, "Lord, aye welcome be thy sond. (5)
He that me kepte from the falsé blame
Whiles I was in the land amongés you,
He can me keep from harm, and eke from shame,
In the salt sea, although I see not how.
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now.
In him trust I, and in his mother dear
That is to me my sail, and eke my steer."
Her little child lay weeping in her arm;
And kneeling piteously, to him she said,
"Peace, little son, I will do thee no harm."
With that, her kerchief off her head she braid,
And over his little eyen she it laid,
And in her arm she tulet it full fast,
And into the heav'n her eyen up she cast.

(1) So surely guide my soul.

(2) A lady's servant, or lover.

(3) The art of truly serving.

(4) In a multitude.

(5) Thy sending—the lot thou sendest.

Mother (quoth she) and maiden bright, Mary!
Sooth is, that thorough womannés eggment (1)
Mankind was born, and damnéd aye to die,
For which thy child was on a cross yrent: (2)
Thy blasful eyes saw all his torment;
Then is there no comparison between
Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.

The true piteous emphasis on the words in this line is not to be surprised.

Thou saw'st thy child yslain before thine eyen,
And yet now liveth my little child, parlay. (3)
Now, Lady bright! to whom all woeful crier,
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May!
Thou haven of refuge, bright star of day.
Rue on my child, that of thy gentleness
Ruest on every rueful in distress.

O little child, alas! what is thy guilt,
That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie?
Why wilt thou hard father have thee spilt?
O mercy, dearé Constable (quoth she)
As let my little child dwell here with thee;

The silence of the pitying constable, here hurriedly passed over by poor Constance, as if she would not distress him by pressing him for what he could not do, is a specimen of those eloquent powers of omission, for which great masters in writing are famous. Constance immediately continues:—

An' if thou dar'st not saven him from blame,
So kiss him onés (4) in his father's name.

Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
And saidé, "Farewell, husband ruthless!"
And up she rose, and walketh down the strand
Toward the ship: her followeth all the press:
And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
And tak'th her leave.

The mixture of natural kindliness, bewildered feeling, and indelible good-breeding in this perpetual save-taking, is excessively affecting.

And with a holy intent
She blesseth her, and into the ship she went.

Glorious, sainted *Griselda* next week.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------|
| (1) Incitement. | (2) Torn. |
| (3) By my faith. | (4) Once. |

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXV.—HEAD-SENSE WANTING HEART-WISDOM.

We extract this account of a well-known character from a new and highly-respectable magazine, called the 'Literary Union.' It would not have appeared in these pages (nor assuredly in those of our authority) had anything like scandal attached to it; but Mr Colton persisted in making his own want of sympathy so public, appears to have been so unconnected with any one who could feel in pain for his memory, and indeed must be looked upon as so manifest a specimen of a clever lunatic, originally defective in his nature, and therefore a subject rather for the physiologist than the preacher (unless the latter preached a little more physiology, which would not be amiss) that, with this caveat against misconception, we can have no hesitation in adding him to our list of "Romances." It may be as well to add, that clever as he was, his talents have been highly over-rated. He got a little more head-knowledge than ordinary, by dint of not caring where he went for it, or what he did; but for the same reason, he was totally deficient in profundity and real wisdom. His best thoughts are from others; and his cleverest trick was his having a style that made them pass for his own—a style, however, betraying its trickery. See his regular set out of *ables* in the bit of sophistry about suicide. The poor man was absolutely turning a sentence, while meditating his last act of self-reference and egotism, though in the shape of a tragedy. "When life is unbearable (says he), death is desirable, and suicide justifiable;"—and so poor, clever, flaring, silly fellow! he goes off, like a man on the stage, with a fine line in his mouth, and thinks he will have made a profound sensation on us. But life is seldom unbearable, except by want of imagination and an outrageous egotism; and suicide, to be justifiable, except in the eyes of melancholy charity, should be preceded by nothing that renders it formidable to the survivors, or avoidable by medicine, or by patience.

"It was in the year 1826, if memory serves (says the writer in the 'Literary Union'), that we first saw the Rev. C. Colton in Paris; he had then just arrived from America, sported a splendid cab and tiger, and lived in dashing style. He derived his means from certain visits to *Frescati's* gaming-house, and No. 113, *Palais Royal*, whence he usually returned laden with gold. He played upon system, and the fame of his plan reaching England, two speculators with plenty of cash, (whose names it were well not to mention), were tempted to leave London for Paris, and adopt his mode of play. A short time after their arrival, Colton joined them—an arrangement having been made that they should find cash, and he science—and he was then to be met with at the *Salon-au-dessus du Café Anglais*, corner of the *Place des Italiens*, every evening; fortune favoured him for some years, and all went merrily; but, during this period, which was his meridian, we never saw one generous or praiseworthy action, never met with a recorded trait of charity or goodness; avarice was his ruling passion, and to gratify this he would stick at nothing. About this time, not content with the rapidity with which he gained money at the table, the thought took possession of him that he was a first-rate judge of pictures, and with his dominant idea in view, that of duping others in the re-sale, he purchased a great number: but, as Colton discovered to his cost, this is a trade that requires some apprenticeship; he was imposed upon in every way, and paintings for which he had paid as much as 150,000 francs, scarcely produced, after his death, as many centimes. Fortune now began to turn tail at the table, and Colton found it was much easier to talk of breaking the bank, as he had so often boasted he could do by his system, than to effect it. He fell as rapidly as he had risen; he had saved no money—few do who live by chance; they put implicit faith in the fickle goddess, and fancy she is never to desert them—so that his distress was great in the extreme. Without other resource, (for having no money, the table was closed to him,) he adopted the singular expedient of advertising in *Galignani's Journal*, that a clerical gentleman was willing, for a certain sum, to teach an unfailing method by which the bank might be broken at *Rouge et Noir*: like the alchemist of old, who was willing, nay desirous, to sell for a trifle the means of making gold in quantities unlimited. There are always gulls to be found when a clever rascal will give himself the trouble to seek for them; the bait took, and for some little time Colton lived well upon the flats thus caught. At every opportunity he would venture to his old haunts with the trifle he could spare, nay, sometimes with that which he could not, and occasionally would have a run of luck; we used then to meet him at 'Poole's,' an English tavern, in the *Rue Favart*, near the *Boulevard Italien*, in all the pomp and pride of worn-out velvet, mock jewelry, and dirty hands; on these occasions, when the sun-shine of circumstance had, for an instant, dispelled the fogs usually enveloping him, his conversation was sparkling and delightful, and his arrival was hailed as the promise of amusement. Colton possessed a most retentive memory, as his *Lacon*—which is perhaps more remarkable for the terseness of style, in which an amazing number of the opinions of others are expressed, than for any great originality or depth of thought—will abundantly testify; he had a smattering of most of the sciences, and an amazing fund of amusing anecdote. To a stranger—more especially if unlearned, for this would insure from him an elaborate display—he must have appeared a man of immense and varied talent, (he loved to be a lion, and thus unrestrainedly to rule the roast,) but when in the company of really scientific men, men who had drunk deeply where he had only sipped, his consequence was considerably lessened. Arrogance and conceit often drew from him off-hand opinions upon subjects of which he knew but little; and his pride compelled him to maintain them to the last, however absurd, however wrong; but if his adversary proved too powerful for him, he would suddenly quit the field for his stronghold, anecdote, carry off the laugh on his side, and thus rid himself of what he termed, with strange blindness, "the d—st bore in life—an obstinate man;" this, however, would not always succeed; and we well remember him, among other instances, to have been roughly handled and exposed by Mr Charles M—n, a young man of talent, (related to one of the most eminent performers of the day) who failed as an actor, some few seasons past, in London.

"Colton's appearance was singular in the extreme; he painted his cheeks, and was usually bedecked with mock jewels and gilded chains. With his pockets filled with eatables, a market basket in his hand, crammed with vegetables, fish, &c., most incongruously, and an octavo volume of some fashionable work under his arm, he might be sometimes met walking the streets of Paris, the very picture of eccentricity, nearly of madness. Thus equipped, he one morning called in at Mr T—n's, a noted *Patissier*, in the *Rue St Honoré*: 'I say T—n, I have called to give you a good recipe for curing hams; my mother has just now sent me some over, which I shall cure myself; and, damme, Sir, they shall beat your *Strasburghs* to H—l.' He did cure them himself, and invited some of his friends to meet him at Poole's to taste; as might have been expected, however, the moment he entered the room with his basket on his arm, containing the precious *morceau*, all were convinced of the

failure of his recipe; the odour was intolerable, but this, with unyielding gravity, he argued, proceeded merely from the substitution of brown sugar for treacle: from treacle he went to metaphysics; and, being somewhat humbled by the previous event, never were we better pleased with his society than on that evening.

"At this period of his career, Colton had for hanger-on, or rather associate in his projects for raising the wind, one H—n, a well educated man of good family, but bad principles; pupils in the occult science were becoming rare, and he now endeavoured to obtain a living by a series of begging letters. Colton forged the darts, and H—n launched them. Every person of wealth resident in Paris, or stranger visiting it, was waited upon by H—n; and the plea of an unfortunate divine, in embarrassed circumstances, a broken down author, or a distressed widower with six children, as the case might be, produced for sometime a supply of cash. Colton, of course, would never allow that he derived any benefit from this proceeding; it was for his poor friend, his protégé, H—n; and he was thus enabled to plead, with all his eloquence, in H.'s behalf, and so increase the share which was to go into his own pocket. He did not, however, confine himself to this; and one example of his mode of proceeding may not be uninteresting:—A young Englishman, D—, with more money than wit, arrived at Paris, and was introduced to Dr Colton, as he was sometimes called in common parlance, by one B—, from whom we have the trait; and, proud of having formed an acquaintance with the noted author of '*Lacon*,' he feasted and féted him to his heart's content. Colton, finding money was plentiful, began to interest D— in behalf of his poor friend H—n, and succeeded in raising within his breast a desire to serve him. One day, after dining together at *Vefour's*, they retired to the *Café de l'Univers*, one of Colton's usual resorts; while ascending the staircase, Colton drew from his pocket a large brooch, showed it to D—, said it was the property of a gentleman in distress, who wished to dispose of it, and managed to let him guess that this gentleman was H—n; and then regretted it was not within his means to purchase so valuable a stone as that, which he termed a Brazilian diamond, and said that for the first time in his life he envied D— the means he possessed of doing good. This was attacking him in the right place, D— bought the jewel, gave him the price he asked, 175 francs, and then politely presented it to Mr Colton, as a token of his friendship. This same brooch Colton had repeatedly displayed at Poole's, previous to the above transaction, and did so many times afterwards, always declaring it to be worth some hundreds of pounds—this was generally believed; but after his death, when the few miserable remnants of his property were sold by auction, it was bought by Mr T—n, beforementioned, for the astounding sum of two shillings and eleven pence, English money!!

"These schemes, however, would not last for ever, and Colton gradually fell lower and lower. B—d, the celebrated horse-dealer, was now his constant companion, and together they dragged out a miserable existence in the *Faubourg St Germain*; it could hardly be said they lived: occasionally Colton would visit Poole's, bringing with him his scanty pittance, usually accompanied by a jug of milk; and his appearance at this time was miserable indeed. Colton had strong prejudices, more especially with respect to his own country; 'd—n France, d—n Frenchmen, and d—n their very dogs,' he would often say—'alas, he had good reason to abuse their dogs; one unlucky evening, we shall never forget it, poor Colton entered Poole's, 'H—l take France, dogs and all.'—'What is the matter, Parson?'—'Why, gentlemen, an infernal dog has followed me this last half hour, snapping continually at my pocket; there was no driving him away; at last he made a nibble, and with success, for, in throwing him off, the thief bolted with the skirt of my coat, containing my supper.' It was not to be wondered at; his pocket, which had been the repository of many similar loads, was so saturated with grease, that it must have proved a most tempting bait to a hungry dog. That evening he was doomed to be unfortunate, for, scarcely had he placed his milk between his feet upon the floor—its usual situation—than, forgetting in the heat of conversation to secure it, a dog upset the can, and when Colton remembered his milk, his four-footed friend was revelling in that, which to him was a disaster.

"Colton had been afflicted for many years with a violent disease, for which he was several times operated upon, and his sufferings had been so dreadful, that we have little doubt his intellect was affected by them; whether this was so or not, when the cholera raged so dreadfully in Paris, he fled in the utmost alarm to Fontainebleau to avoid it, and there, as a novel method of avoiding contagion, and radically curing the disease with which he was tormented, he blew out his brains. Previous to the fatal act, strange, wayward being that he was, he made a will, by which he left property he did not possess to a Mr G., one of his associates; and upon a *secrétaire* in the room was found this apothegm, the last he ever wrote: 'When life is unbearable, death is desirable,

and suicide justifiable,' thus contradicting in his last moments, both by word and deed, what he had previously printed in 'Lacon;' where he says, speaking of a gamester, that 'If he die a martyr to his profession, he is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss; and, by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven!'"

Very good people have committed suicide, owing to some access of frenzy, acting upon a morbid temperament, or to the "last feather that breaks the horse's back;" but self-slaughter is so unnatural, that in general a certain violence, and hardness of character, are necessary to enable a man to go through it. Strong will in his own purposes, and little sympathy with other people, except inasmuch as they bend to it, will, in most instances, be found at the bottom of a suicide's character.

TABLE TALK.

HONEST AND GOOD TASTE IN GARDENS.

I know nothing more pleasant than the half kitchen—half flower-garden;—the few trees that extend a light shade—either the apple, with its spring shower of fair blossoms, tinted with the faintest crimson, and its summer show of fruit, reddening every day; or the cherry, with its scarlet multitude, berries more numerous than leaves. Below, long rows of peas put forth their white-winged flowers, tempting the small butterflies to flutter round their inanimate likenesses; or else of beans, whose fresh, sweet odour, when in bloom, might challenge competition with the sea-gales of the spice islands. Then the deep glossy green of the gooseberry is so well relieved by the paler shade of the currant bush; and alongside, spreading the verdant length of the strawberry bed, so beautiful in its first wealth of white blossoms—pale omens of the blushing fruit,

which so soon hides beneath its large and graceful leaves. The strawberry is among fruits what the violet is among flowers. Then, I do so like the one or two principal walks, neatly edged with box, cut with most precise regularity, keeping guard over favourite plants: columbines, pink and purple, bending on their slender stems; rose-bushes covered with buds enow to furnish roses for months; pinks, with their dark eyes; and the orient glow of the marigold. And there are the spots planted with thyme, so sweet in its crushed fragrance; the sage, with that touch of hoar frost on its leaves, which, perhaps, has gained for it its popular name of wisdom; the sprig of lavender, with its dim and deep blue blossom, so lastingly sweet; and the emerald patches of the rapidly springing mustard and cress. I would not give a common garden like this, with the free air tossing its boughs, and the sun laughing upon its flowers, for all that glass and gardener ever brought from a hot-house. Many a quiet hour did Guido pass in that honey-sucked harbour, lulled by the murmuring bees, whose hives stood in the covert of a large old beech, the only tree not a fruit-tree in the chosen patch of ground.—*Francesca Carrara*.—[We wish Miss Landon would give us a whole novel, full of these charming pieces of candour and sweetness; or at least, with an overbalance of them, compared with the melancholy. We suspect we are a little unreasonable when we object so much to the darkness in which she seems to delight; but it is out of the very impatience of our sympathy and respect for her that we speak; and she is of a nature the very sorrows of which ought to turn into pleasure for others, and pleasure, too, not of an uneasy or perplexing description. Her very tears, produced by whatsoever clouds they may have been, belong to a generous soil, and should refresh it like the brooks, and make flowers and music for the world.]

NATURAL MISGIVING OF A MANY-THOUGHTED MIND.

On Sunday we used to assemble, my companions and I, to communicate our essays to each other. But I was soon disquieted by a singular apprehension. My own poetical lucubrations, of course, always appeared to me to be the best; but I soon remarked that my companions, who often brought very wretched compositions, thought no less highly of them than I did of mine. Another circumstance which also occupied my meditations, was the self-delusion of a young scholar, who was totally incapable of making verses. He used to get them composed by his master, and it is no wonder they seemed to him excellent: but he would persuade himself, at last, that he had made them; and although we were so intimately acquainted, he wished me to believe it likewise. Struck with the ridiculous folly of this conceit, I began to fear that I might be my own dupe also, and appear to him as foolish as he did in my eyes. This idea rendered me very uneasy. My judgment could not be decided by any irrefragable rule. I became discouraged. But the natural levity of my age, an internal consciousness, and the praises of my masters and relations, at length restored my confidence.—*Goethe's Life*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr Landon on 'Purity of Language' &c. next week.

There are some of our poetical Correspondents, to whom we are very loth to say (but we must), that Chaucer and Shakspeare, at present, leave us no room whatever for the verses of others.

We shall gladly avail ourselves of the kind communications of a *LOVER OF LONDON AND ITS JOURNAL*.

Many thanks again to R. A.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

Criminal Trials. Vol. II. (Library of Entertaining Knowledge Parts 53 and 54). Pp. 416.

THIS new volume of Mr Jardine's interesting and able work—unquestionably one of the most valuable contributions that have been lately made to English history—is entirely occupied with one of the most famous transactions in our annals, 'The Gunpowder Plot.' Not only from the extent and fullness of the narrative, and the great pains that have been bestowed in investigating and weighing the facts and evidence, but, from the large quantity of hitherto unpublished matter which it contains, the present account of that affair must supersede every other that has yet appeared; and indeed the extraordinary opportunities which the author has enjoyed of access not only to the State Paper Office, and the other depositories of information under the control of the government, but to documents in the hands of private individuals, together with the great diligence with which he has manifestly pursued his researches, make it extremely improbable that any more complete work upon the subject will be soon produced.

The source, he states in his preface, from which his chief materials have been drawn, is the collection of original documents respecting the plot, at the State Paper Office, arranged and indexed some years ago by Mr Lawson. These documents contain a large proportion of the depositions of more than five hundred witnesses and real or supposed confederates, which were taken during an enquiry of nearly six months by the Commissioners of the Privy Council, together with numerous contemporary letters and papers. Although partial extracts from this large mass of evidence have been published at different times, the whole has never till now been digested and arranged into a connected narrative. Other documents that are here printed have been obtained from the *Baga de Secretis*, preserved in the Crown Office. "The *Baga de Secretis*," says Mr Jardine, "is a depository for records of

attainers, convictions, and other matters, chiefly relating to the title of the Crown to forfeited lands. From ancient usage, the most scrupulous care has always been observed in the custody of these records; the bag (which is in reality a large press, filled with records) being secured by three separate locks, the keys of which are separately kept by the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, and the Custos Brevium, and being never in practice opened without the concurrent authority of these officers. In consequence of this extreme caution in the custody of records supposed to affect the revenues of the Crown, permission has rarely been granted to open the *Baga de Secretis*, and consequently its contents have never been used for historical purposes." The Bodleian Library has also been ransacked, and has supplied some documents that are missing in the collections preserved in the public offices. Among the private manuscripts which have been used, one from which some of the most interesting details have been taken, is the relation by Father Greenway, in the possession of Dr Lingard, by whom it has been much referred to in his History of England. This narrative (the object of which is to exculpate Greenway and his brother Jesuit, Garnet, from the charge of having been among the number of the conspirators) is in the Italian language, but is evidently a translation from an English original. Another of the authorities of this description has a curious history.

"Much information," says the author, "respecting the family connexions of the conspirators, and the domestic history of the Catholics shortly before the period of the Gunpowder Plot, has been derived from a mass of papers lately discovered in a singular manner at Rushton, in Northamptonshire. In the early part of the year 1832, on the removal of a lintel over an ancient doorway in the old mansion of the Treshams, at Rushton, a handsomely-bound breviary fell out upon the workmen. On further search, an opening was discovered in a thick stone wall, of about five feet long and fourteen or fifteen inches wide, almost filled with bundles of manuscripts, and containing about twenty Catholic books in excellent preservation. The contents of the manu-

scripts were various; consisting of historical note by Sir Thomas Tresham, rolled up with building bills, deeds, and farming contracts, of no interest and importance, and also of a portion of the domestic correspondence of the Tresham family between the years 1590 and 1605. The paper of the latest date is a memorandum, without a signature, of certain bonds, therein stated to have been delivered up to Mrs Tresham on the 28th of November 1605, by the writer of the memorandum. In all probability, therefore, this was about the period when these books and papers were enclosed. Sir Thomas Tresham died in September 1605, and his estates upon that event descended to Francis Tresham, his eldest son, the conspirator in the Gunpowder Plot. Upon his apprehension, which took place on the 14th of November, it is natural to suppose that his papers at Rushton would be destroyed or concealed by his friends. From the almost total absence of letters of a political tendency amongst the papers thus discovered, it is probable that all such were destroyed. By the liberality of Mr Hope, the present proprietor of Rushton, we have been favoured with a perusal of these papers; and though there is nothing amongst them specifically relating to the Gunpowder Plot, they contain much valuable information upon the condition and domestic history of the Catholics at that period, their expectations from James I, and their grievous disappointment on his accession; and they throw great light upon the causes which led to the conspiracy."

Having thus introduced the Tresham family to the reader's acquaintance, we may as well begin our extracts from the body of the work with an interesting passage relating to the father of the conspirator, who appears to have been a character of a very different mould and metal from his son. It occurs near the commencement of the work, in the course of a very striking exposition of the oppression endured by the Catholics in the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

"Sir Thomas Tresham, the father of Francis Tresham, one of the most conspicuous characters in the Gunpowder Treason, belonged to a family who, from very early times, had possessed a princely estate in Northamptonshire. On the restoration of the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem by Queen Mary, his grandfather had been made Lord-Prior of that order. Sir Thomas Tresham himself was originally

a Protestant, and was knighted by Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1577; three years afterwards, when the first missionary priests came into England, he was converted by Campion and Parsons to the Catholic faith, and reconciled to the Church of Rome.* From the time of his conversion until his death, in 1605, he was constantly the subject of persecution. Shortly after Campion's apprehension in 1580, he was arrested and sent to the Fleet on suspicion of having harboured the missionaries; on his refusal to swear before the Council that Campion had not been at his house, he was prosecuted in the Star-Chamber, together with Lord Vaux, Sir William Catesby, and several other Catholics, and sentenced by the Court to pay a heavy fine, and to be imprisoned in the Fleet until he swore as required by the Council. Under this sentence Sir Thomas Tresham languished in close imprisonment for several years. He was afterwards repeatedly imprisoned, on the ground of his religion, in the Fleet and at Banbury Castle, for long periods of time, and also at Ely, which he terms, in some of his letters, his 'familiar prison.'† It appears also from the receipts at the Exchequer, that for more than twenty years he constantly paid 260*l.* per annum into the Treasury, being the statutory penalty of 20*l.* per lunar month for recusancy.‡ In a letter of his, dated the 7th of October 1604, he says that 'he had undergone full twenty-four years' term of restless adversity and deep disgrace, only for testimony of his conscience.' The resolute devotion of the old man to his religion appears from a letter to Lord Henry Howard, in July 1603, in which he says, that 'he has now completed his triple apprenticeship of one and twenty years in direst adversity, and that he should be content to serve a like long apprenticeship to prevent the foregoing of his beloved, beautiful, and graceful Rachel; for it seemed to him but a few days for the love he had to her.§'

In negotiations with the Catholic leaders before he came to the throne, and even for a short period after his accession, James perfidiously encouraged the hopes of the Catholics, that the new reign would bring them a new era. Mr Jardine has completely established this charge. By the summer of 1604, however, the true character and intention of the royal promises became evident; and at this period the author conceives that 'the design of blowing up the House of Lords with gunpowder, at the opening of Parliament, and thus destroying, at a single blow, the King, the Lords, and the Commons, first presented itself to the mind of Robert Catesby.' The gradual introduction into the dark project of the other conspirators is then minutely traced. The following is part of the notice of the individual of the number who has gained the greatest popular notoriety:—

"Guido, or Guy Fawkes, whose name has been more generally associated with this Plot than that of any of the other conspirators, in consequence of the prominent part he undertook in the execution of it, was a gentleman of good family, and respectable parentage in Yorkshire. His father, Edward Fawkes, was a notary at York, and held the office of Registrar and Advocate of the Consistory Court of the Cathedral Church there. He died in 1558, leaving a large family. Of the education and early history of Guy Fawkes nothing is known; but having spent the little property he derived from his father, he enlisted as a soldier of fortune in the Spanish army in Flanders, and was present at the taking of Calais, by the Archduke Albert, in 1598. He was well known to the English Catholics, and had been despatched by Sir William Stanley and Owen, from Flanders, to join Christopher Wright on his embassy to Philip II, immediately after Queen Elizabeth's death. Father Greenway, who knew all the conspirators intimately, describes him as 'a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for his punctual attendance upon religious observances.' His society is stated, by the same authority, to have been 'sought by all the most distinguished in the Archduke's camp for nobility and virtue.' If this account of his character is correct, we are to look upon this man, not according to the popular notion, as a mercenary ruffian, ready for hire to perform the chief part in any tragedy of blood, but as an enthusiast whose understanding had been distorted by superstition, and in whom fanaticism had conquered the better feelings of nature. His conduct after the discovery of the Plot is quite consistent with the character of a fanatic."

The narrative of the progress of the operations which follows forms a tale of deep and fearful interest. Everything at this time conspired to throw the English Catholics into utter despair. The persecution of the government was becoming more active and unsparring

every day, and the treaty of peace concluded in the autumn of 1604 with Spain, in which that power, upon whose influence and exertions great expectations had rested, had abandoned their cause almost without making an effort in their behalf, took from them their last hope. In May (as appears from the original agreement, dated the 24th of that month, which is preserved in the State Paper Office), a house next to the Parliament House, which was occupied by one Ferris, as tenant to Winneard, the keeper of the king's wardrobe, was taken in the name of Thomas Percy, one of the conspirators. The design was to drive a mine from this house through the wall of the Parliament House, and in that way to place a large quantity of gunpowder immediately under the House of Lords. Fawkes, who was not known in London, was to keep possession of the house, under the assumed name of Johnson, as Percy's servant. Parliament, in the meantime, had been adjourned till the 7th of February 1605; and the conspirators, the better to prevent suspicion, separated and went to the country. Soon after, however, another house was taken at Lambeth, at which the powder might be collected in small quantities at a time, and afterwards removed by night to the house at Westminster. The custody of this house was given to a person of the name of Robert Keyes, after he had been sworn, and received as an associate in the plot. About the end of October, the conspirators again met in London; and it was now determined to proceed at once with the mine. But although a large quantity of powder had been already collected, they were obliged to defer the commencement of their operations by a singular incident. It was found that the Parliamentary Commissioners for arranging the union then proposed between England and Scotland, had appointed to hold their meetings in the house taken by Percy. It was therefore agreed to wait for another month. The narrative then proceeds:—

"Catesby and his confederates assembled together in London, according to their previous arrangement, about the 11th of December, at which time the conspirators, with the exception of Keyes, who remained at first at Lambeth, entered the house late at night. They had provided themselves with tools fit for making their excavation, and had taken with them a quantity of hard eggs, baked meats, and pasties, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by going frequently abroad for provisions. They began their work immediately by carrying a mine up to the stone-wall which separated the house in which they were from the Parliament House; this wall proved to be three yards in thickness, and finding their undertaking to be one of much greater labour and difficulty than they had anticipated, they first sent for Keyes from Lambeth, and then enlisted into their party Christopher, a younger brother of John Wright, to assist at the work. 'All which seven,' says Fawkes, 'were gentlemen of name and blood; and not any was employed in or about this action (no, not so much as in digging and mining) that was not a gentleman. And while the others wrought, I stood as sentinel to desery any man that came near; and when any man came near the place, upon warning given by me, they ceased until they had again notice from me to proceed; and we seven lay in the house, and had shot and powder, and we all resolved to die in that place before we yielded or were taken.' All day long they worked at the mine, carrying the earth and rubbish into a little building in the garden behind the house, and at night they removed it from the building into the garden, spreading it abroad, and covering it carefully over with turf. In this manner these determined men worked without intermission until Christmas-eve; and during the whole of that time not one of them showed himself in the upper part of the house, or was ever seen by the neighbours or passengers, excepting Fawkes, who was supposed to be keeping the house for his master Percy. Their principal reason for keeping close was to avoid raising a suspicion (which if so many notorious Catholics had been observed resorting to one house, would naturally have occurred) that they assembled there for religious purposes; and in that case a diligent search might have been instituted for the priest, which would at once have discovered the scheme."

While they were thus at work, the Parliament was again suddenly prorogued to the 3rd of October. On this they agreed to suspend their labours till after the Christmas holidays. Having met again at the time appointed, they had succeeded, by the beginning of February, in piercing about half through the stone wall.

* Fawkes's Examination, 8th November.—State Paper Office.

"Father Greenway," proceeds the author, "observes that 'it seemed almost incredible that men of their quality, accustomed to live in ease and delicacy, could have undergone such severe labour; and especially that, in a few weeks, they should have effected much more than as many workmen would have done, who had been all their lives in the habit of gaining their daily bread by their labour.' In particular, he remarks that 'it was wonderful how Percy and Catesby, who were unusually tall men, could endure for so long a time the intense fatigue of working day and night in the stooping posture, which was rendered necessary by the straitness of the place.' Greenway also relates an incident which occurred while they were at work, and which is perhaps worth repeating, as an instance of the gross superstition of the times, and also as evincing the workings of conscience on the minds of the conspirators as they proceeded with their design. They were one day surprised by the sound of the tolling of a bell, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the wall under the Parliament House; all suspended their labour, and listened with alarm and uneasiness to the mysterious sound. Fawkes was sent for from his station above; the tolling still continued, and was distinctly heard by him as well as the others. Much wondering at this prodigy, they sprinkled the wall with holy water, when the sound instantly ceased. Upon this they resumed their labour, and after a short time the tolling commenced again, and again was silenced by the application of holy water. This process was repeated frequently for several days, till at length the unearthly sound was heard no more."

It was soon after this that, one morning while at work, they suddenly heard a rushing noise in a cellar, nearly above their heads. They at first thought that they had been discovered; but it turned out that the noise was occasioned by a person of the name of Bright, to whom the cellar belonged, selling off his coals, in order to remove. This cellar was found to be immediately under the House of Lords; and the conspirators now determined to abandon their mine, and hiring the cellar in Percy's name, at once to deposit their gunpowder here. Accordingly, about twenty barrels were immediately brought from Lambeth, and placed in the cellar, which was then locked up. This was about the beginning of May.

The parliament was afterwards once more prorogued till the 5th of November. As that day approached, the conspirators held frequent consultations for the final arrangement of their plans. Among other things, it was determined upon "that Fawkes, as a man of approved courage and of experience in emergencies, should be intrusted to set fire to the mine. This he was to do by means of a slow burning match, which would allow him full a quarter of an hour for his escape before the explosion took place. He was instantly to embark on board a vessel in the river, and to proceed to Flanders with the intelligence of what had been done."

A matter which from the first had given rise to much difference of opinion among the conspirators, was the arrangement of means by which certain persons should be saved from the intended destruction. They could neither agree upon who those persons should be, nor upon the plan that should be adopted to give them warning of the danger.

"In his own mind, Catesby had probably little compunction on this point, as he was heard to declare, that 'he made account of the nobility as of Atheists, fools, and cowards, and that lusty bodies would be better for the commonwealth than they.'* In order, however, to allay the anxieties of those who had relations and friends in this dangerous predicament, he assured them that he had already ascertained that several of the Catholic peers would not be present at the meeting of Parliament; that he had spoken with Lord Montague, and had persuaded him to make suit to be absent from the Parliament altogether, on the ground that his single voice would not avail against the making of more penal laws against the Catholics; with respect to Lord Mordaunt, he declared that 'he would not for the chamber full of diamonds acquaint him with the secret, for that he knew that he could not keep it;† but that he was assured that his lordship would not take his seat until the middle of the Parliament, because he objected to sitting in his robes in the Parliament House while the King was at church. He also declared that he had good reason to believe that Lord Stourton would not come to town till the Friday after the meeting of Parliament. He further assured them that he wished, as much as they could do, that 'all the nobles that were Catholics might be preserved, and that

* Keyes's Examination, 30th November, 1605.—State Paper Office.

† Keyes's Examination, 30th November, 1605.—State Paper Office.

* More's *Historia Societatis Jesu*, p. 74.

† Rushton Papers. See note in p. 54.

‡ Lansdowne MSS. No. 123, p. 126.

§ Rushton Papers.

tricks should be put upon them to that end; but, said he, 'with all that, rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they also must be blown up.'*

Everybody is aware of the manner in which the conspiracy is said to have been detected, by means of an anonymous letter received by Lord Monteagle at his mansion at Hoxton, on Saturday the 26th of October, ten days before the intended meeting of Parliament. Mr Jardine's examination of this part of the story is in the highest degree curious and interesting; but it is impossible for us to attempt to follow him even in the most meagre abstract. He shows it to be extremely probable that the letter to Lord Monteagle was merely a feint to conceal the manner in which and the individual by whom the communication was really made to the government. That person, also, contrary to the common opinion of later writers, he all but proves, by an induction of numerous particulars, to have been Francis Tresham, the eldest son and heir of Sir Thomas Tresham already mentioned, who had been received among the number of the conspirators only a few weeks before. His motives appear to have been partly a desire to save his intimate friend and relation Lord Monteagle and other persons in whom he was interested, partly a strong misgiving as to the chance of success, and, in consequence of that, an eager anxiety to shake himself free from an enterprise with which he regretted he had ever had anything to do. He seems to have been of an infirm and pusillanimous character, and his fidelity had been suspected by some of his associates from the moment of his joining the confederacy.

That the detection might be the more complete, nothing was done to interrupt the proceedings of the conspirators till their scheme should be matured. At length, shortly before midnight, on the eve of the fifth of November, Sir Thomas Knevet, a magistrate of Westminster, accompanied by several assistants, having suddenly repaired to the spot, found Fawkes just leaving the house, and on proceeding to examine the cellar, discovered thirty-six barrels of powder, in casks and hogsheds, under a heap of billets. A dark lantern (still preserved in the Bodleian Library) was also found, with a light in it, in a corner behind the door, and a watch, with slow matches and touchwood, was taken from Fawkes, who was immediately bound and carried before the council at Whitehall.

"It was now about one o'clock in the morning. Such of the Council as slept at Whitehall were called, and the others who were in town summoned; and the doors and gates being secured, all assembled in the King's bedchamber. Fawkes was brought in and questioned. Undismayed by the suddenness of his apprehension, or by the circumstances of his nocturnal examination before the King and Council, this resolute fanatic behaved with a Roman firmness of nerve, which filled the minds of all who were present with astonishment, and his cool audacity naturally suggested a comparison with the conduct of Mutius Scaevola when brought before King Porsenna. To the impatient and hurried questions which were put to him with some violence and passion, he answered calmly and firmly. He said that 'his name was John Johnson, and that he was a servant of Thomas Percy;' he further declared 'that when the King had come to the Parliament House that day, and the Upper House had been sitting, he meant to have fired the match, and fled for his own safety before the powder had taken fire; and that if he had not been apprehended that night, he had blown up the Upper House, when the King, Lords, Bishops, and others had been there.' Being asked if his purpose had taken effect, what would have been done with the Queen's Majesty and her royal issue, he replied that 'if they had been there he could not have helped them.' Being further asked who were party or privy to this conspiracy, he answered that 'he could not resolve to accuse any.' Being asked by the King how he could conspire against his children and so many innocent souls, he answered, 'Dangerous diseases require a desperate remedy;' and when questioned as to his intentions by some of the Scotch courtiers, he told them that 'one of his objects was to blow them back into Scotland.' After a great part of the night had been spent in examination, Fawkes was sent with a guard to the Tower; where for the present we leave him, in order to trace the fortunes of his companions.

"Immediately after Fawkes had given notice of the visit of the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Monteagle to the cellar, Catesby and John Wright fled; Percy and Christopher Wright waited till they ascertained that Fawkes was seized, and then left London; but Rookwood and Keyes, who dwelt in the same lodging, and whose persons were not known in London, determined to remain till they received more conclusive intelligence. On going abroad the next morning they perceived amazement and terror in the countenances of all they met; the news of Fawkes's apprehension, and exaggerated rumours of a frightful plot discovered, were spread in every direction; guards of soldiers were placed not only at the palace gates, but at all the streets and avenues in the neighbourhood, and no person was allowed to pass. Upon this, being convinced that all was known, they also determined to fly. Keyes went away from London immediately; but Rookwood, who had placed relays of horses all the way to Dunchurch, lingered to the last moment, in order that he might be able to convey to his confederates in Warwickshire the latest intelligence of what had taken place in London. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon he also took horse and rode hastily away. About three miles beyond Highgate he came up with Keyes, in whose company he rode on for some distance. It does not distinctly appear what became of Keyes from this time until he was apprehended in Warwickshire several days afterwards. It is clear that he parted from Rookwood in Bedfordshire, and it may therefore be fairly conjectured that he went to Lord Mordaunt's house at Turvey, where his wife resided. Rookwood rode on to Brickhill, near which place he overtook first Catesby and John Wright, and shortly afterwards Percy and Christopher Wright; and from thence all five rode together with the utmost speed to Ashby St Legers, in Northamptonshire. The astonishing rapidity with which they travelled appears from the fact that Rookwood left London at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon and reached Ashby at six in the evening of the same day, a distance of nearly eighty miles. He says himself that 'he rode thirty miles of one horse in two hours,' and that 'Percy and John Wright cast off their cloaks and threw them into the hedge to ride the more speedily.'"

But we cannot further pursue the story of the fugitives, although their wild flight, their agitated consultations, their subsequent desperate attempt to excite a rising of the country in their support, the rapid desertion of their few followers, their terror and misery while hunted like beasts of prey, the stand which some of them made at last, and the butchery that ensued, the escape for the moment of others, their skulking in mysterious recesses within the walls of old mansions, and under trap-doors in the floor, their sufferings during their concealment, and their eventual discovery and capture, have all the interest of romance. The narrative as here given is enriched by numerous facts that have never before appeared in print.

Upon the trials themselves also we cannot enter. Suffice it to say, that they have never before been detailed with anything approaching to the minuteness and accuracy with which Mr Jardine has here extracted them from the original documents. The whole account of Garnet, the Jesuit, in particular, his concealment at Hendlip Hall, his singular connexion with Anne Vaux, the daughter of Lord Vaux, his discovery, his confinement in the Tower, his trial, his execution, the miracles that were alleged to follow his death, the spring of oil that was said to have broken out on the spot where he suffered, at the west-end of St Paul's Cathedral, and the ear of corn on which his effigy appeared depicted, and which stirred to so extraordinary a degree the superstition of the times,—all this will be found in the high hest degree curious and instructive. The long disquisition which follows on the question, as to the extent to which the Jesuits in particular, and the Catholics generally were probably implicated in the plot, distinguished as it is by good sense and perfect freedom from prejudice, will probably be considered by most readers as setting this question at rest. It is at any rate by far the most impartial, as well as the most masterly examination which the subject has yet received. We prefer, however, closing our notice, by quoting the following remarks from the earlier part of the work:—

"In a legal point of view, the only observations which suggest themselves respecting the trials of the chief conspirators are such as are common to all the

state prosecutions of the time. The evidence appears to have consisted entirely of the written declarations of the several prisoners, and of a servant of Sir Everard Digby, and it is evident, from the report of the proceedings, that no witness was orally examined. Of the guilt of all the prisoners there could not be the shadow of a doubt; indeed all of them, as appears from the several examinations above given, had fully and circumstantially confessed their guilt before the trials, and though they all, excepting Sir Everard Digby, pleaded not guilty, no attempt was made by any of them to deny a full participation in all the villany of the plot. That the project amounted to high treason is unquestionable; the design of blowing up the Parliament House, when the King and Prince were there, was compassing and imagining the death of the King and the heir-apparent to the crown, within the literal meaning of the statute of treasons; while the conduct of the conspirators who assembled in Warwickshire, after the apprehension of Fawkes, and rode armed through the country in warlike array, in defiance of the established government, and exciting others to insurrection, was nothing short of open rebellion, and clearly constituted a 'levying of war against the King in his realm,' within the words of another clause of the same statute. In legal consideration, therefore, the justice of their conviction and sentence is too plain for discussion; and in a moral point of view, the most scrupulous objector to capital punishments will hardly consider the loss of life as too severe a retribution for an offence of such unexampled barbarity. The political situation of the Catholics,—resentment of the oppression and contumely which they had suffered,—the dread of further persecution, and, above all, perhaps, indignation at the faithless conduct of the King, were sufficient motives to insurrection; but the inhuman contrivance of the Gunpowder Plot can only be ascribed to the baneful influence of superstition; and it may be doubted whether there is any other engine by which the natural feelings of the human heart could be so far distorted and deadened, that the indiscriminate slaughter of several hundreds of persons could be considered as a laudable and pious undertaking.

"One of the most singular features of the history of this conspiracy was the character and description of the persons engaged in it. Dissolute and needy adventurers have been, at all times, the ready instruments in any scheme calculated to raise a storm on the surface of society, and produce confusion and uproar. Such characters may possibly gain by disturbance and revolution, and have, at all events, nothing to lose. Thus Catiline, at Rome, registered in his desperate band all the ruined spendthrifts; the disgraced, the idle, and the hopeless prodigals, who wander up and down a populous city, prepared alike for plunder or for outrage, as the opportunity presents itself. 'Semper in civitate,' says Sallust, 'quibus opes nulla sunt, vetera odere, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum maturi omnia student; turbamque seditionibus sine cura aluntur, quoniam egestas facile habetur sine damno.' But in the case of the Gunpowder Treason, many of the conspirators, such as Robert Winter, Rookwood, Digby, Tresham, and Grant, were men of large possessions; others again, such as Percy, Fawkes, and Keyes, were engaged in useful and honourable occupations which raised them far above the temptation of want; not one of them but Catesby was in pecuniary difficulty, and his motive was clearly a religious one. In another respect also we find in this conspiracy men not usually acting in the ranks of insurrection;—men of mild and amiable manners, unaccustomed to tumults, and dwelling quietly in the midst of their respective families. It must have been a much more powerful motive than any of those that usually influence the actions of mankind, which could induce such persons to do violence to their nature and their usual habits, and produce strange delusion that, in committing a barbarous murder,—'a murder,' as it has been termed, 'of a whole nation in their representatives,'—they were performing an action by which they secured to themselves the approbation of Heaven.

"Notwithstanding the occasional misgivings suggested by humanity and conscience to the minds of the conspirators, it is clear that they were really actuated by a mistaken sense of duty, and that many of them maintained to the last a conviction that their project was not only justifiable, but in the highest degree meritorious in the sight of God. Father Greenway relates, that as Rookwood was being drawn to the place of execution, his lady stood at an open window in the Strand, giving him words of comfort as he passed, and calling upon him to be of good courage, inasmuch as he suffered for a great and noble cause. In the conversation between Fawkes and Robert Winter in the Tower, above related, the latter says, 'Nothing grieves me, but there is not an apology made by some to justify our doings in this business; but our deaths will be a sufficient justification of it, and it is for God's cause.' Casaubon, in his Epistle to Fronto Ducaeus, which we shall have occasion to notice more fully hereafter in the case of Garnet, mentions the following fact respecting another of the conspirators. 'John Grant,' says he, 'one o

* Keyes's Examination, *ubi supra*.

† John Johnson's Examination, 5th November, 1605.—State-Paper Office.

‡ MS. Letter of Sir Edward Hoby to Sir Thos. Edmondes.

* Rookwood's Examination, 2nd December, 1605.—State-Paper Office. See post p. 159.

the traitors, on the very day when he was to be executed for his share in this plot, was entreated by a pious and learned clergyman, to entertain, at the last, a proper sense of his situation, and duly reflecting upon the magnitude of his crime, with hearty penitence to seek for pardon from Heaven.' Grant replied, with a cheerful countenance, and full of confidence, 'I am satisfied that our project was so far from being sinful, that I rely entirely upon my merits in bearing a part of that noble action, as an abundant satisfaction and expiation for all sins committed by me during the rest of my life.'

LAMARTINE'S PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées, et Paysages, pendant un Voyage en Orient (1832-1833), ou Notes d'un Voyageur. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine, Membre de l'Académie Française. En deux volumes. Tome I. London. Reprinted for Edward Churton.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, &c. &c. By Alphonse de Lamartine, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London. Richard Bentley.

UNDER a slight change of title the latter of these two works is a translation of the former one, which appeared lately at Paris, and is now in the course of republication in London. The reprint, which bears Mr Churton's name, is exceedingly well got up, with good paper and type, and, as far as we have examined, with a very correct text; it is also remarkably cheap, as the volume contains as much as two of the volumes of the French edition, and only costs six shillings. Another volume which, we believe, is nearly ready, will complete the work. The entire translation, published by Mr Bentley, is done in a superior manner, and will, no doubt, prove very acceptable to the many who cannot read the original. The three volumes are elegantly printed, and the first contains a portrait of the author. Having done this justice to our English publishers, we will now say a few words about M. de Lamartine (who has long been esteemed one of the first of the living poets of France) in his new capacity of traveller.

No one acquainted with this writer's character, or his preceding works, will expect that these volumes should contain much accurate statistical information, or any detailed descriptions of the countries passed through, with their manners, customs, and habits. De Lamartine has not the turn of mind necessary for such subjects. He has travelled as a poet, and his work is rather a prose poem on feelings suggested by the objects he saw, than a book of travels. We confess, that to us, his strain of sentimentality seems somewhat too long drawn out and unvaried, but we have been occasionally delighted by its tone, and doubt not that many will relish the whole of the melody. The book which it most resembles is Chateaubriand's well-known 'Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem.' M. de Lamartine, however, after his peregrinations in the Holy Land, went on to Smyrna and Constantinople; and, after staying some time in the Turkish capital, returned homewards by land, passing in his way through Servia, on which very imperfectly known country he has collected some highly interesting notes. We are not quite sure that these notes are not the best part of the work; but the large majority of readers will probably be more delighted with the author's musings and speculations in the city of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood. M. de Lamartine is a sentimentally-religious man, and a lover of kings, and he seems to think that these things must go together, and that no one can be religious without being a royalist, or have any veneration for the scenes of Scripture unless he have an awful respect for the scenes of courts. We need scarcely look into this naked fallacy. Milton, who was a religious man, and one of the greatest poets that ever lived, did not love kings. And who would have trod the soil of Palestine with such reverential feet as Milton?—or who, like him, ever doted in imagination on the secret tops of Oreb and Sinai, on the hill of Sion, and

"Silos's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God?"

Among the things which have least pleased us in these volumes is M. de Lamartine's account of a visit he paid to Lady Esther Stanhope, who, after spending nearly the whole of her fortune in vain attempts to rival the splendour of the oriental princes of the Arabian nights, now lives cooped up among the druses of Mount Lebanon, figuring away as a conjuror and fortune-teller, and keeping a bay mare on which the new Messiah (when he comes) is to ride into reconquered Jerusalem, and a spotless white mare on which she (Lady E. S.) is to ride by his side. The poor woman is notoriously crazed, and much to be pitied; but we have no patience with de Lamartine, who mystifies common sense, and writes in such a manner as to invest her wretched hallucinations with an air of solemnity, and a shadowy, awful mysteriousness.

The same thing was attempted a few years ago by an English traveller; and between Doctor Madden, who, it is suspected, never saw the lady in question, and Monsieur de Lamartine, insanity has been made strikingly picturesque, and poor Lady Esther converted into a heroine of romance. We cannot help thinking that our French friend was slightly infected with the malady of the place when he wrote what he has written about his aristocratic birth, his glory, his verses, and his foot.

"You will go back to Europe," she said, "but you will not long delay your return to the East. It is your country."

"It is, at least, Lady Esther, the country of my imagination."

"Do not laugh," she said, "it is your true country; it is the country of your forefathers; I am sure of it—look at your foot."

"I see nothing there," said I, "but the dust of your roads which covers it, and of which I should be ashamed in a drawing-room of old Europe."

"That is not it!" she answered hastily, "look at your foot."

"I had never before observed myself what she was going to say about my high instep."

"Look!" she continued, "your instep is very high; there is a space between your heel and your toes when your foot is on the ground, sufficient to let water run through it without wetting the sole. (Query—Did Monsieur wear Parisian boots, which are apt to be very high in the heel?) It is the foot of the Arab—the foot of the East. You are a child of these climates, and the day is approaching, when every man shall return to the land of his fathers. We shall see each other again."

We turn with pleasure from such balderdash as this, which does not often disgrace the volumes before us, to give a specimen of de Lamartine's beautiful scenic descriptions.

"This city (Jerusalem) is not, as it has been represented, an unshapely and confused mass of ruins and ashes, over which a few Arab cottages are thrown, or a few Bedouin tents pitched; neither is it like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbling walls, where the traveller seeks in vain the shadow of edifices, the trace of streets, the phantom of a city;—but it is a city shining in light and colour! presenting nobly to view her intact and battlemented walls, her blue mosque with its white colonades, her thousand resplendent domes, from which the rays of the autumnal sun are reflected in a dazzling vapour; the façades of her houses, tinted by time and heat, of the yellow and golden hue of the edifices of Pæstum or of Rome; her old towers, the guardians of her walls, to which neither one stone, one loophole, nor one battlement is wanting; and above all, amidst that ocean of houses, that cloud of little domes which cover them, is a dark elliptical dome, larger than the others, overlooked by another and a white one. These are the churches of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary; from hence they are confounded and appear drowned in the labyrinth of domes, edifices, and streets, which encompass them; and one finds it difficult to credit such a situation for Calvary and the Sepulchre; which, according to the ideas we derive from the gospel history, should be placed on a separate hill without the walls, and not in the centre of Jerusalem. The city, confined on the side of Mount Sion, has no doubt enlarged herself on the north to embrace within her circuit those two sites which make her shame and glory, that of the murder of the just man, and the resurrection of the incarnate Deity!

Such is the city from the height of the Mount of Olives! She has no horizon behind her to the west nor to the north. The line of her walls and her towers, the points of her numerous minarets, the arches of her shining domes, stand out in bold relief against the deep blue of an orient sky; and the town, thus exhibited on its broad and elevated platform, seems again to shine in all the antique splendour of its prophecies, or to be only waiting the word to

rise in dazzling glory from its seventeen successive ruins, and to be transformed into that New Jerusalem which is to come out of the bosom of the desert, radiant with brightness.

The view is the most splendid that can be presented to the eye, of a city that is no more; for she still seems to exist as one full of life and youth; but on contemplating the scene with more attention, we feel that it is really no more than a fair vision of the city of David and Solomon. No noise arises from her squares and streets, no roads lead to her gates from the east or from the west, from the north or from the south, except a few paths winding among the rocks, on which you meet only half-naked Arabs, some camel-drivers from Damascus, or women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads a basket of raisins from Engaddi, or a cage of doves, to be sold on the morrow under the trebintuses beyond the city gates.—No one passed in or out; no mendicant even was seated against her curbstones; no sentinel showed himself at her threshold; we saw, indeed, no living object, heard no living sound; we found the same void, the same silence, at the entrance of a city containing thirty thousand souls, during the twelve hours of the day, as we should have expected before the entombed gates of Pompeii or Herculæum.

We saw nothing pass the gate of Damascus, except four funeral processions, silently winding their way along the walls to the Turkish cemetery; nor the gate of Sion, while we were within view, except a poor Christian, who died in the morning of the plague, and was carried by four grave-diggers to the Grecian burial-place."

In his appendix, M. de Lamartine gives a curious chapter of 'Political Reflections,' in which he speculates on the imminent fall of the empire of the Turks, and on the proper mode of disposing of their territory. We cannot go into these matters, but they are of the greatest importance; and although our author's scheme of forming Russia, Austria, England, and France, into four protectorates, each of which is to hold a certain portion of Turkey, does not seem to be at present of very easy accomplishment, we think it merits attention, while the eloquence with which it is set forth cannot fail in affording some gratification.

The appendix is further enriched by a very curious narrative of the residence of a certain Fatalla Sayeghir among the wandering Arabs of the great desert, which has been collected and translated by the care of Monsieur de Lamartine.

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